

Saving New Mombosa's Citizens

by FrostBiteJuan

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Summary: Follow the adventures of the URSC! Read as they encounter problems and work together with the UNSC to protect and hopefully save New Mombosa (mostly) Multiple OC's included

1. Meet The URSC

**Chapter one: Meet the URSC

>

>Main characters

Name: Brenton

>Rank: Supreme Admiral. Leader of the URSC (United Races Space Command)

>Race: Human

>Distinguishing features: He has long dark hair and brown eyes

>Age: 15

>Height: N/A (yet)

>Gender: Male

>Creator: Author

>
Name**: Alex

>Rank: Supreme Admiral Second Class

>Race: Sergal

>Distinguishing features: He is of northern and southern breed making him the perfect Sergal the strength of the northerners and the brains of the Southern's

>Age: 16.

>Height: 6.5

>Gender: Male

>Creator: Author

Name: Ark Gullwing

>Rank: Supreme Admiral Third Class

>Race: Gryphon.
>Distinguishing features: His feathers are blue. He also has 2 large wings which extrude from his back giving him the ability to fly.
>Origin: When he lost his clan and family he was found by a Fox Tribe who took him in. and taught him their ways. A few year's later a URSC recon picket found the planet and returned to the Supreme Admirals with the new Intel, when the URSC's first fleet arrived to greet the new plant and it's races they found in under siege from the Jiralhanae. When the first URSC armored core found him and his tribe, they were barely surviving. With the aid of the other races on the plant they retook it and since then it has been under the protection of the URSC pantry garrison fleet. The Supreme Admiral noticed his quick thinking tactical mind and offered him the position of Third Supreme Admiral.
>Age: 26
>Height: 6.3
>Gender: male
>Creator: Artist ark gullwing<p>

Name: Deimos
>Rank: Supreme Admiral Fourth Class

>Race: Furred Drake
>Distinguishing features: able to run at 40mph for a long time with out his Titian Armor. What he lacks in strength he makes up with speed and he has a natural talent for stealth, combined with his great eyesight, making him a more than capable sniper and recon Spartan.
>Age: 21
>Height: 5.9
>Gender: male
>Origin: Deimos was in the UN Army Corps before the URSC stumbled upon him. He and his close friend Vasili they were out on patrol when they got trapped in an ambush. They both were very badly injured they were about to be killed when the URSC showed up and got them to safety. Ever since then he has been the URSC's Forth Supreme Admiral.
>Creator: Artist adjot.

(The following takes place during and between the levels Cairo and Outskirts in Halo 2.)

No sooner than John had asked for a weapon, he was carving his way though the armies of The Covenant on the Cairo, but back on the bridge, things weren't going as well.

Hood stared out over the expanse of space in front of him as a battle for Earth raged on, the human fleet easily outnumbered that of The Covenants four to one, but the sheer power of The Covenants plasma weapons and their shielding told Hood that he would need a lot more to keep them away.

He was going over the battle, again and again in his mind trying to think of a way to stop them that did not involve kamikaze runs or a star going nova when his Nav Officer asked for his attention. Hood broke out of the dream like haze of heavy thought and went over to the terminal.

"What is it son?" he asked. The Nav Officer gestured to his console.

"I'm picking up a slip space anomaly, just a single ping". "How long until it enters real space?" Hood asked. "Hard to say sir, it's like nothing I've ever seen, see how its field is so small, that means that what ever it is it's only slightly bigger than one of our Paris Class Frigates". "Have we got any marked for arrival?"

"No sir, but the data I'm getting from a probe says that it's like nothing we've ever seen. Its physics don't match any known to human or what we've seen with Covenant slipspace drives either". Hood thought about this, there were more pressing things to attend to, but an unknown hole in space and time is only slightly more concerning than a fleet of religious alien's about to burn Earth to a ball of glass, but only slightly.

"Keep an eye on it lieutenant let me know if anything changes". "Yes sir". Hood was about to turn his attention back to his TAC CON when his Nav Officer stood straight up with a surprised look on his face. "SIR!" he yelled as he checked his console again. "What is it?" Hood asked, a bit for fear in the back of his mind.

"A new ship just entered the system from that anomaly. It is what appears to be an unknown ship, I'll try to see if I can get a visual on it."

"Put it on the tactical screen" Hood said. The TAC screen flicked from image to image and finally found one that could get a decent look at it. It appeared to have three engines and looked rather bulky. He was about to inspect it further when his Coms Officer yelled out "SIR! I'm getting a request from that unknown ship. It appears they are trying to get a video feed up." Hood thought about this for a moment it didn't look like a Covenant ship, but what if it had been captured?

He let his curiosity get the better of him and said "Accept the transmission". "Yes sir". The TAC screen faded then a video appeared.

There was a young boy, no older than 15 or so with just his face showing. "Who are you?" Hood asked. "My name is Brenton. I am the Supreme Admiral of the United Races Space Command."

"The what?" Asked the dumbfounded Coms Officer, protocol forgotten. "We are a group of ra- *he looks off screen* this channel is not secure, requesting permission to dock?"

"Dock?! We don't even know where you came from. This could be a Covenant or an insurrectionist trap!" said a voice from behind. Brenton peered over Hoods shoulders to see a man in an ONI uniform "Well, well, you spooks do appear out of nothing from the shadows" Brenton said mockingly "Look Nathan is it?" the ONI officer scowled "How do you know that?" "I know a great many things **NATHAN**" he said mocking the officer.

"Now I know what has and will happen, and I know that unless you let me help, the thousands of people in New Mombasa will die." "You think we will risk letting you on our defiance platform over Africa, just to save a few civilians? "Look at what happened to the Malta and the Athins?!" Now it was Hood's turn to scowl. "Their still people," he said "and if this fine lad can save even a few of them, that's a chance I'm willing to take."

"Don't worry Nathan, I only want to help those people on the ground." Brenton added. Nathan thought this over. Brenton knew he would let him help, but he could not tell whether it would come sooner or later. He just hoped it was later. "Fine. Fine, let him dock, but I want a squad there just incase." At least he's letting me in. "Ok, I'll have Nav give you a vector and a-

the frigate enters slipspace and reappears right in front of the station all most instantly

HOLY SH*T!, now that, is a slipspace drive." The Nav Officer says, the spook just shifts on his feet. *the ship move's to dock at the open docking station*

"Well that was a little different than I thought it would be like Alex." "Better or worse?" "Some were in the middle." *they both have a little chuckle* "All right, tell Ark, Deimos, Henry and Bero to armor up, I don't want to trust those marines with our lives." Alex stares at Brenton with his mouth in a smirk. "Brenton, we can take on a Scarab in our birthday suits." "Yeah I know that, but I don't want them thinking that we're incompetent now do we?*,*at the air lock* now keep your guns on your backs, we don't want them being any more jumpy."

"Hey, uh, Admiral?" "Yes Deimos?" "You think bringing two Sangheili is a good idea?" "Bit late now, don't worry I told Hood not to shoot at us. Ok Ark, open it up". "Yes sir!"

What happened in the next few seconds was just a blur.

The airlock opened to reveal at least fifteen men, gun's trained on the door, as they all opened fired it was a scramble to get to the sides of the doors and get there shields up, however Henry was too slow and got a round though his stomach and was now lying up against the wall in a pool of purple blood.

I do not own any of the characters mentioned except for Alex and Brenton.

>UNSC character Lord Hood belongs to Halo's team 343 Industries all other UNSC officers mentioned Nav Com and ONI are made up names.<p>

Written by Brenton and edited by FrostBiteJuan

2. Under Fire

Chapter two: Under Fire

**More Characters **(YAY!)

Name: Jager

>Race: Sergal

>Gender: male

>Distinguishing features: Blood red eyes. His coat is white, the top of his muzzle and head is black with a few black ends on his neck fur

>Age: 17

>Height: 6.1

>Creator: Unknown (If you know who created this character, please P.M me so I can edit it. Cheers)

Name: Invalid Colour

>Race: Sergal

>Gender: Male

>Distinguishing features: As his name suggests, his fur is gray and black. The front of his chest, inside of his legs arm's, under his tail his eyes, and a strip going across his nose is grey. The rest is black, the tips of his ears and a strip running along his eyes are white. He also has blue eyes.

>Age: 17

>Height: 6.2

>Creator: Author

Name: Jack

Race: Artificial Intelligence (AI)

>Gender: Male

Distinguishing features: Jack is the URSC's most advanced intelligence. Unlike the UNSC's AI's, Jack is much more efficient, he can think as fast as he wanted, and learn as much as he liked, as fast as he liked, but he likes to pace himself and mostly took his time, unless he believed Brenton or others were in immediate danger. He was immune to rampancy. He can feel any emotion. He is quite unpredictable at times. He was his own person. Jack is seen as an equal though out the whole URSC armada, an actual person. He is based on Brenton's brain patterns much like Cortana and Dr Halsey, but he has made changes to himself, he is his own person.

>Age: 1

Height: N/A

Creator: Author

The following takes place after the just before and after Covenant Carrier passes by the Cairo station

As the other Admirals scramble for cover, Brenton leans down quite calmly, grabbed Henry by his neck armor and drags him to the side of the door, out of the line of fire. "Hey! I thought you said they weren't going to shoot at us!" Deimos shouts out with a smug grin on his face. "Clearly I was wrong!" Brenton shouted back. "You don't say!? Hope this isn't going to become a regular thing!" Alex shouts over the gunfire. Once Henry was safe behind the side of the door, Brenton moves to the control panel and attempts to close the doors air lock, but it won't close. He could easily blast, off away from the landing bay, but that would suck the marines out into space. Instead he places a call, signaling for Invalid and Jager. "Invalid, Jager, get your furry hides up here in Vanguard Gear!" "Copy that" was the response. "So! What are we going to do now!?" Alex yell's from the other side of the door over the crackle of gun fire. "We sit tight! I'm going to see if I can reach Hood!" He taps in a series of commands and makes an attempt to get access to Cairo's systems. After several failed attempts, he called for Jack the URSC's most advanced intelligence. Unlike the UNSC's AI's, Jack was much more efficient, he could think as fast as he wanted, and learn as much as he liked,

as fast as he liked, but he liked to pace himself and mostly took his time, unless he believed Brenton or others were in immediate danger. He had more advantages as well. He was immune to rampancy, he could feel any emotion, ranging from, hate, fear, annoyance, anger, pain, loss, fun, love, and regret, not that he had anything to regret apart from the time he over loaded the URSC flag ships fire systems as a joke, then flooded his storage crystal. His fur was wet for a week after that. He was a true intelligence, which meant he would always win if he was pitted against another AI. He was unpredictable, so nothing could counter him. He had his own free will. Jack was seen as an equal though out the whole URSC armada, not as a machine but as a person. Yes he was based on Brenton's brain patterns but he made changes to himself, he is his own person. "Jack, hack Cairo's systems and get me a link to Hood now if you would!" The screen on the control panel now showed a wolf's face with black fur. "Yes Sir." Jack said as he flickered off the screen. Now Brenton tries to close the doors of the frigates air lock once more, but to no avail. "Jack, why can't I get the damn doors closed!?" "Well sir, when the fire fight broke out it, some stray fire got through the titanium walls inside the ship and managed to hit the central processing cable. I'm currently trying to make temporary repairs." He looked over at the wall and tried to see if any went through, but there were too many black spots to tell so he couldn't be sure. Great, so we have an open door with 15 pissed off marines on the other side. Just when he thought things couldn't get any worse, he heard what sounded like thunder and wondered what the hell was wrong now, when two fully armored Sergal's helmets popped in. Their five straight pieces, positioned too make the expression of a high standing collar or frill at the back of the neck, rounded at the corners headlight, with an active shield on their right arms, plus their blades which are built into all standard Titan Armor gauntlets which were, of course, active. Great, Brenton thought, just what we need, two massive forms with blades sticking out to convince these marines we come in peace he thought while at the same time, shouting "You don't need the blade's drawn!" As they came closer, they took up positions in the door way and let their shields do their thing. Ok one problem down, two to go. "Alex! Ark! See if you guys can get that cable fixed!" As they got to it, Jack reappeared on the console "Sir, I have very limited access to the station." "Get me a link to Hood" "All ready working on it." Jack replied. On the bridge of The Cairo, Hood was starting to wonder what could be keeping Brenton when the TAC screen flickered to life once again. "Hey Hood, we've kind of got a little bit of a problem here. I thought you told your squad NOT to shoot at me because their kinda sort of shooting at me. Not to mention they shot one of my guys who is now unconscious, my airlock control cable's been shot up and now I've had to hack into the station to talk you! I don't think our friendship is starting off so well, do you?" Brenton said with a grin. "What do you mean there shooting at you!?" Hood replied. "I mean, that as soon as our doors opened, they pulled their triggers, they were ready to pull the triggers as soon as the doors opened. Their still firing now in case you don't believe me!" What in the blazes are they doing! He thought well issuing a command, "COM, send a message to tell them to ceasefire!" "Yes sir, message sent sir." A few moments later, "So how long does it usually take to get them to follow a command?" Brenton innocently asked, "Not long, few seconds at most why?" "Not many reasons at all, other then the fact that I can see the squad leader, and she doesn't look like she'll stopping any time soon." "WHAT!?" Oh for God's sake I'm going down there myself." "Take all the time you need, we'll just be here." Brenton said as Hood left the bridge with

that ONI spook right on his heels. "Alex, how's that door coming?" Brenton asked, anxious to put a solid barrier between them before the marines had any ideas of what to roll between the small gaps between the 2 shields. "I don't know how this cable got shot up, their rounds shouldn't even be able to scratch this stuff let alone go straight through it, and manage to hit the bloody cable!" he shouted slightly annoyed. As he undid the last screw, Jack interrupted. "Sir, this cable was not hit, the door was hacked". "Yeah well I see that now!" Alex says as he pulls the panel off the wall to reveal an untouched, perfect cable line. "So what happened then?" "They got access to our systems Sir." "WHAT!?! How the hell did they get access! Brenton exclaimed, not believing Jack for a second. "I am truly sorry Sir" Jack said looking down, he looked embarrassed, "I was not expecting attacks on the system so I only had 30% of our firewalls up, but I don't know how they managed to gain access to our door and put it on a different network." "It's all right Jack, even I wasn't expecting to get attacked either. We all make mistakes." Brenton said. "Even Jack now?" Alex asks mockingly as he replaces the panel. "Well, this isn't going to you're master plan now is it Brenton." Brenton shoots him a glance with a half grin, half smug look. "Do you know how to close it Jack?" "They have it on a different network Sir, I have not been able to locate it yet- oh she's good." Jack said looking impressed. "Who?" Brenton asked, realizing who he meant as soon as he asked. "Cortana, got to admit, she is way ahead of her time, compared with other UNSC AI's Sir" Jack says. It was rare enough to acknowledge an artificial intelligence of being good let alone give them praise, and a UNSC AI at that. But Cortana was from forerunner tech which gave her a little help, but seeing as this particular AI wasn't helping him or his crew, Brenton wasn't as impressed but he still had to give her credit. "Yeah, I agree. find that network and get these door's closed as soon as you can." Brenton asked. "Yes Sir, but it might take me some time." Never mind, Hood should be here soon, so just try and regain full access to our ship. Let's figure this out when he get's here." Speak of the devil Brenton thinks as he finishes saying that Hood rounds the corner, Nathan still hot on his tail. He storms into the airlock tunnel shouting at the marines to hold their fire. One of them sees him but cannot hear him because of the gunfire, but Hood hears him as clear as day when he says he's got it in hand, watching as he pulls a new type grenade from his belt, pulls the pin and tosses it in between the two headlight shields. All the people in the frigates airlock look at the small cricket ball sized object as it rolls across the floor. Jager and Invalid move from the positions in the door way to either side of the grenade. Invalid makes it to his spot covering Bero, Alex, Ark and Deimos barely while Jager is just a few milliseconds short. Brenton has just enough time to say "OHHHHH SHHHHHHH*T!" Then Brenton and Henry's still unconscious body along with Jager go flying through the ship. Jager hit's the wall, Henry goes flying down the corridor and Brenton goes up and hits the ceiling.

Hood stares on in horror as the smoke from the grenade settles. A gantlet grabs the right side of the door and Brenton pulls him self around the door. "What the hell was in that thing!?" he asked as he slips out and into the outer airlock. He then proceeds to pulls a small data transfer stick out the control panel that had its hatch hacked open and the door silently slides closed. You could hear some weak cheers inside. When it reopens, the rest of the Admirals step out along with a squad of the URSC soldier's, including Jager who is back on his feet, limping slightly, along with Invalid in their Titan Armor along with a few medics. The URSC squad moves out in an open

formation, gun's raised and pointed at the UNSC soldiers who now stood there with their jaw open. One of the URSC troopers helps Brenton to his feet "Stand down guys, don't think we're going to have any more trouble now, are we Hood? How's Henry" He asked "He'll be fine Sir, the doc's with him now" the soldier reports. "They were just supposed to come and bring you to the bridge, not turn the airlock into a damned shooting ally" Hood said, slightly annoyed, as he approached Brenton, much to the dismay of the URSC squad "Now let's see what the Corporal has to say about this." After a few moments, "Sorry sir, I never got the order to ceasefire, she said as she showed them her TAC pad to prove it. "We were just following the orders given to me by the Lt Sir" *Hood calls up the lieutenant* and she tells them that she was told to send a squad to a breach in the port airlock by the Captain and the Captain was told by the Maj. Seeing this might take a while Hood decided to ask Cortana. She has the same problem, orders were passed through multiple personnel and AI's before it reached her so she wasn't going to be able to help much. Brenton asks Hood if he can assign Jack to track down where this started from. After thinking about it, knowing that if the URSC wanted to they could read all the UNSC's secrets even those Tier 1, Hood agrees seeing that Brenton was trustworthy enough and tells Cortana to help. "While they do that, we can talk about saving some people" Hood nods and leads the Admirals to the bridge.

**A.N: Hey guys, tis I FrostBite here, just wanted to say thanks for taking the time to read this story.

>Some important announcements that I need to make;

One: This story is NOT written by me, it's written by a good friend of mine and all I do is edit it for him and fix up his spelling.

Two: This will be updated weekly, every Tuesday, my time, which is New Zealand so that'll be Monday for some of you other countries.

Three: Any and all reviews are welcome, my friend and I would definitely love some feedback in regards to how you feel about the story, if there is not enough action or plot and stuff like that

Four: The actual time for the story to be updated will not be consistent as I have my own personal stuff to attend to (Namely school *groans*) but it WILL be uploaded on a Tuesday New Zealand time (Again, Monday for some of you other viewers unless you live in Australia).

All characters are created by the Author Brenton except for Hood who is a Bungie made product.

3. Making Friends

A.N: OMG! YOU GUYS ROCK! Got 70 views in two chapters! That's a success for us right now (High Fives Brenton) and thanks a ton for the reviews they helped.

**goldmonk: Thank you for bringing that up, I'm pretty much new to this editing stuff so I'm trying my best and I will attempt to fix that/make it better. Maybe every Five or Ten chapters I'll revisit

the previous ones and fix them up a bit
hmmmm.**

Puppet-Master2013: Here is the Authors response: "Hell ah I mean hellO. Now there is roughly 2 years! of back-story now seen as the site is fan fiction and the back-story is more of a normal story I thought I'd put up the one that involves Halo. Now you do realize that it is a story based on a game, and that the URSC is not your typical military? Now short back-story Brenton finds a Prowler with * a wolf, (maybe if you're a good little internet, you might get to see some more of ***) they then went to a planet named ***** were they found the Brisbane and few other ships but to get access, they needed a Sergal. A hybrid (yes that one) so when they set off for the Sergal's home wor-wait I said short, ok ahhhhhhh short, short, short ok got it Brenton is not you typical human, he has a special ability which you will have to wait and read to find out what it is and he has the mind of a tactical genius, but for the short, URSC was his idea and dream which he made real. Those who follow him have been saved by him, so they have no problem following him, but as I said, URSC is not your typical military so that should be enough for now. Now please just enjoy the story."**

Now back to the story and please, don't 4get to hit that review button and give us your thoughts!

Cheerz!

The following takes place a few minutes prior and just after the Covenant Carrier passes the Cairo.

The Admirals were on their way to the bridge of the Cairo with the URSC and UNSC squads, following them. About half way there, they run into a trio of Grunts. The URSC squad takes them out with some well-placed headshots before the UNSC squad even has time to shoulder their weapons.

>"This sector was supposed to be secure" Hood grumbles as he holstered his pistol. "You lot better get back out there, and help with the sweep of the station!" He ordered the UNSC squad. As they turned to leave, the Corporal turns around and apologizes to Brenton for shooting his big friend. "Don't worry about it!" Brenton replied cheerfully, "An earful of Blarg and he'll all be good again!" The Corporal cracks a smile and leaves with her squad.
"Hood, mind if I send out a couple of squads to help your guys? You saw how good they are, and right now, your men will need all the help they can get."

>"I'm never one to turn away help. Especially when the helps from heavy hitting S.O.B's like you guys!" Hood replies with a slither of a smile. "You hear that? Invalid, Jager you get to play baby sitter!" Brenton says to them grinning. "Great" they both say as they rolled there eyes and started jogging with the rest of the squad to catch up to the UNSC squad.<p>

"Ok, here." Brenton hands Hood a headpiece. "It's hooked up to my COM Network. You can hear what ever is going on and vice versa" Hood nods as he puts it on. "Shall we continue with the talk?" Hood asks.

"Lets" Brenton says. No one noticed that the spook had been taking notes. They reached the bridge soon after that. All the officers there stood and saluted as Hood entered the bridge he waves them down and takes Brenton and Alex to the TAC screen.

>Bero leans up against the door while Deimos and Ark go for a walk

around the consoles, helping the officers as best they could. Cortana and Jack appear on the two-holo tanks beside the TAC screen.
"Why have you not answered my calls?" Cortana asks Jack. "Simple, I don't like to have private conversations with AI's. I prefer to talk where others can see and hear us." Jack says as if she should already know this. "Very well then, so you're this URSC's version of an AI. How interesting" Cortana says, clearly trying to figure him out. "No," Jack says sternly "I am not an AI. I am a true intelligence, my mind may have been based on the brain patterns of Brenton," he says as he moves a hand towards Brenton. Cortana turns her head to get a look, then turns back to Jack, "but I have none of his traits." he finished.

>"Thankfully," Alex says, "I don't think I could stand two of you." He says smirking.
"Hey! Don't you two have to find out why we were attacked?" Brenton says, trying to get them to focus on the task on hand. "Oh right. Come on Cortana, let's see if you can keep up." Jack winks and disappears.

"Oh yes, hang on a second Cortana," Brenton says "how did you get access to our network, even at 30% our network should be locked up tighter than Regrets diary." Brenton says, half smiling at his comparison. "I'm not sure, I can't seem to remember. How strange, give me some time to think about it and who's Regret?" she asks.
_Oops, I should learn to hold my tongue better _Brenton thinks "Don't worry, you'll find out soon enough." Just then, Jack reappears and says he might have a link. He then asks Cortana how much longer she is likely to be at this, and she disappears as well Jack gives Brenton a slight nod and disappears as well.

"So you can save the people on the ground?" Hood asks, a shimmer of hope in his eye. "Yes. As well as taking out a number of Corvettes and a few Cruisers." Brenton says all military now. "Mind if I ask how? I've seen you guys in action but you're still going to need more than that one ship of yours. Unless you have some sort of super weapon I don't know about?" Hood asks jokingly, _I hope he doesn't though_ he thinks. "No, I don't. Not yet anyways. I have my First and most advanced Fleet on standby waiting for my word, but first I need something from you Hood." Brenton turns to face him, "From me?" Hood questions, _what could he possibly want from me?_ "Yes, you see, I can save the people down there, BUT I need your word that all records of me and my men being here will be erased. No scans, if you get too advanced before your meant to the entire history could change and not even the Primordial will know what will happen. You can have a few very bad photos though."

>"WHAT!?" The ONI officer sputtered "You think we're going to erase every bit of data we have on you?" "If you don't, then I won't help. You want to save lives don't you?" Brenton asked staring right into the spook's eyes. Nathan didn't answer and he let the question drop, clearly not wanting to answer. "To make sure I am forgotten, I want to release a virus in to your-" he begins but gets cut off "A VIRUS!" Nathan began, "No way! That is far too much!"
Hood cut him off, "and you will only take the data regarding scans on your ships, nothing else?" "What use would I have with your Intel?" Brenton asks.
Hmmmm, he could be lying Hood thought, _but if so, why would he ask for permission? In addition, they don't seem like rebels. Okay, I don't see any harm in letting him do it_. Hood says "You make a good point." He was about to continue when Brenton COM unit buzzed "Sir, it's Jager. Only one room left to clear, then the stations clear."

>"Copy that Jager. Get it done." Then Cortana interrupts. "Sir,

boarders have reached the far Control Centre, they have a bomb." She says. "Can you defuse it?" Hood asks, a little bit of worry etched on his face. "Yes but I'll need the Chief's help to make contact with the detonator."<p>

"Understood, Chief," Hood says into his COMs link, "get to the bomb double time." Cortana says "Don't worry, I'll leave a portion of myself in the station to help Jack, can't have him getting all the glory for finding out who set you up now can we." "Hope to see you again some day, Cortana the real you." Hood says, clearly missing her already. "Try not to miss me to much." she says with a smile, then disappears. Her copy then reappears and asks if Jack is ready to get back to it. Lets he replies and they both flick off.

As Jager and Invalid were catching up to the UNSC, they heard gunfire and shouting they stopped looked at each other for a second and took off full speed. The rest of the squad continued on straight as Jager and Invalid went up the stairs. When they reached the top, they saw the UNSC squad pinned down behind barricade. A few of plasma cannons had them pinned down. Invalid unholstered his assault rifle, slid a clip in and took off full bolt for the edge, Jager following. They jumped and Jager landed right on top of the nearest plasma turret. The Grunt fell back in fright at this hulking Sergal standing before him on top of a crushed turret. Jager lunges at the Grunt and snaps its neck, pulls out his pistol from his lower leg holster and aims at the grunt on the second turret and pulls the trigger. He hit the Grunt square in the head. Meanwhile, Invalid was running at full speed against the last turret plasma at the other end of the habitat's second floor as it fired at him, hitting his shields but not draining it got to love those URSC shields he thinks. He then leaps up right on top of the Grunt, crushing it beneath his weight. He could see the rest of the URSC squad tending to wounded UNSC soldiers, when the door nearest to him, on the lower level opened up to reveal a pack of Brutes. Invalid shouts for them to take cover and mounts the plasma turret. Shooting at the now open door, making the Brutes scramble back for cover, not knowing what was happening. That gave Jager and two others time to get their rifles up and aim at the Brutes. They open fire and the rounds tore though the Brutes as if they were nothing. The few that were left charged headlong towards them. Jager and the two others dropped their weapons and rushed forward to meet them. Jager jumped forward, flipping, as he grabbed hold of one of the beast's shoulders and flung him against the wall, quickly pulling out his sidearm again and shooting it the head a few times, just to make sure it was dead. Invalid was now leaping from his perch atop the once occupied gunner nest and dropped right on top of an unsuspecting Brute, snapping his neck. As he landed, he looked up, he saw the two other troopers drop their targets. One, with a headlight blade to the neck, and the other with a well-placed kick to the knee, instantly shattering it and ending it with a gun shot to the head. As they picked up their weapons, the now gob smacked marines were staring at these Titans as they tended to the wounded and set about piling bodies, just as the last dead ape was dropped, two more squads of UNSC marines entered and saw what was left in the room.

They raised the rifles, aimed at the URSC squad and just as they were about to pull the triggers, the Corporal shouts at them to stop as she hobbled over.

>After a near miss from a plasma shot she had a slight limp, she explained that if these guys hadn't shown up, she and her squad would

have been slaughtered and the two new squads would have most definitely lost soldiers trying to take them down as well. Then she hobbled over to the now more familiar looking Sergal's helmets again in their five pieces, she looked them up and down making sure she got a good look, and extended her hand. "Thanks," she said "the names Jane". The two Sergal's looked at each other briefly, and then Jager reached out and shook her hand. "Jager" he said. She then offered her hand to Invalid he shook it, "Invalid colour" he said. "Invalid colour?" she said, a confused look on her face. "Yeah, Sergal's have great ways to choose names" he said running a hand over his muzzle's grey, black fur and over his head and long ears and down his neck. "Ok," she said "I think I owe you guys a drink now." just then, the whole station started to vibrate. Then out of a window that was in the hallway, where the Brutes were, they saw one of the Covenant Carriers move past.<p>

4. First Fleet Has Arrived

Chapter four: First Fleet Has Arrived.

Hello, it is I, no not Frostbite Unoggy droppings for brains. HEY! It is I, Brenton, the author. Just wanted to make a little note here, that there is going to be a bit of jumping around here. So I will be placing line's with no text to make it a bit easier (I have no clue why I didn't think of this before)_ Maybe because I was doing it for you?_ But hope you're ready for some action (Primordial knows I'm ready to right some) and a little side note here, because some friends of mine have asked. The Sergal's mentioned (Alex, Jager and Invalid) have paws, NOT talons, unlike other Sergal's. Just wanted to clear that up for everyone. Now what will happen now I wonder (well I know what's going to happen it's you guys that get to have the joy of a cliffhanger).

"THAT IS NOT GOOD!" Jager exclaims as he tries to stabilize himself. "Their already moving to Mombasa" Invalid says, clearly surprised at how quick Regret was moving. "Where's the First Fleet when you need it." Just then, as if on queue, the two Sergal's COMs units buzzed and Brenton's voice came though. Ordering all squads report to the port side of the station, with First Fleet inbound. Then a few seconds later, Jane's COMs unit buzzed as well, this time it was Hood ordering all UNSC personal to report to the port side of the station the. He also says that URSC has permission to enter the system and wants everyone to get a look. "Heh, any excuse for the Admiral to show off!" Invalid scoffed. "What's wrong with a bit of showing off here and there?" Jager questioned, turning to leave, the rest stopped what they were doing, and as they were about to leave he turned around and said "You coming Jane?" "Uh, might take me a while" she said, pointing to the burnt patches of uniform on her side. "You guys go on ahead" Jager said to her squad "We'll watch over her." The Private nods and walks off with the rest of his squad and the others heading for the port side to view the fleet arriving. Jager and Invalid walk back to Jane. Once there, they give her a shot that injected small Sentinels, which, once inside, went to work, repairing the body's system. "They'll dissolve in a few days," Jager said "by then, you'll be better then new! They will help with the pain too, but it will take a few minutes to work, but given the fact that the fleet was never lateâ€|.." They decided to carry her. The two Sergal's glanced at each other, clearly thinking the same thing. They scoped her up her, which lead to her making an "eep" sound and took

off, all three of them laughing as they ran to catch up to her squad.

Back on the bridge, Brenton and Hood were talking about where to let the fleet in. Deimos and Ark were now, in the back corner with Bero. "You think the Admiral can actually pull this off Ark?" Bero asked. "You know Brenton, he always finds a way, but still, any minute now, that Carrier is going to appear in New Mombasa and it's going to be chaos." Ark said. "That. Is an understatement." Deimos said. "But how is he going to save them? I know he knows his way around the battlefield and the Command Console, but saving a city?" Bero started. "He will save it because he is confident and his soldiers see that." Alex finished, coming up to them, "And they know if they try hard enough, they can do anything. How do you think he managed to unite planets? He saved them. Whole planets. A city is small compared to what he did before we saved you Bero. You have been with us for months now, but have yet to see the Admiral save an entire planet be it Brutes that have found a way to our galaxy ,or the enemy, the Admiral has stopped them all." Alex said sternly. "Sorry Alex I didn't mea- " "I know Bero, don't worry it" Alex cut in. "Yes sir."

"But for now, does any one else see the spook?" Alex asked. They all looked around, but none of them saw him. "I don't like this." Ark murmured. "Don't worry. As long as we have his back, he will be fine." Deimos said, seeing the worry in Alex's face.

"Ok, so we're agreed then. Hood, I'll get the citizens out of there and you let me wipe your data stores." Brenton said to Hood. "Yes." was all Hood said. Brenton nodded, "its show time guys!" he shouted back the other Admirals in the back. They all gathered around him looking out the window. "Fleet One" Brenton spoke into his COMs unit located in his collar. "You are good to enter system, repeat, Keyes, your clear to enter." Keys Hood thought, wait...."KEYES!" Hood started. "Yeah, I'll tell you about it some time." Brenton replied nonchalantly, "I look forward to it." Hood muttered. "Sir, I'm reading more of the strange slipspace energy like when our new friends here!" First Fleet had arrived. "Actually," Brenton started, "they aren't slipspace drives, they are advanced portal generators or APGs, it takes a few hours for me to reach your galaxy from mine, but anywhere inside a galaxy is near instant." He explained, as if this was completely normal. "Wow!" the NAV officer said, impressed, "wish we had a few of those." The ONI officer, who had just rematerialized from nowhere, looked up from his TAC pad as Brenton said it, then he quickly typed something in.

Deimos noticed this and nudged Alex. "I don't like it." Alex said, a frown evident on his face. "Don't worry, we have his back!" Deimos said trying to keep his friend positive. "If it's all the same, we should still keep an eye on that spook" Alex said. "New contacts entering the system!" NAV said. "I'm reading ship formations, 5 km long and 1.5 wide "Ha! Seems you guys know how to enter and be in formation, better than the Covenant!" Brenton and Alex exchange a glance and smile, then the objects enter real space, which lead then, to the bridge crew's jaws dropped. Five 5.5km long ships, enter real space. Their names painted on the sides in silver writing, Melbourne, Alice Springs, Darwin Adelaide, Warriors a Meni and finally Brisbane. "I take it you like Australia?" Hood joked. "Yeah but this is just my First Fleet. Other Fleet Dreadnaughts have other names. Along with the Infinity Class ships, a number of smaller ships also entered with

them Halcyon, Marathon, Strident, and Paris, along with a number of fighter craft.

As the fleet entered the system, there were multiple murmurs and gasps as the 'Brisbane' and the other Infinity Class Dreadnaughts entered real space. Then when the other four arrived, there were whoops and cheers. Along with the hundred or so marines in the hanger bays, and hallways, there were a few squads of URSC troops as well in the back. Most of them watching the show, not the fleet enter, but the excitement and hope on the faces of the UNSC soldiers who had gone so long with out it. "Wait till they see the 'Sydney'." Jager said, smirking. "Heh, get your camera ready Jag, the look on there faces will be priceless!" Invalid added. "What's the 'Sydney'?" asked Jane as she stood between the two. They glanced down at her with smiles. "You'll see" Jager said with a grin, "you'll see."

As the NAV officer was watching, he glanced back to his console to see one last blip appear. He checked again and nearly choked when he tried to tell Hood. He got a bit of breath back, "Sir!" he started, but was then was cut off by what sounded like three MAC rounds firing inside the 'Cairo'. What it was, in fact, was a whopping 20km long ship, making probably the biggest tear in space and time the young officer had ever seen. After staring at the ship for a minute, he feinted.

When this new ship entered, the cheers stopped all most instantly. Even Jane was frozen on the spot. A *click* was the only noise to be made as Jager lowered his palm. He whispered to Invalid, "That's going on the wall in the off hours club on the 'Sydney'". As the rest of the fleet moved to enter formation with the new contact, someone yelled out "THOSE COVIE BASTARDS WON'T KNOW WHAT THE HIT EM!". Then as if on cue, a thunder of cheers could be heard all though out the 'Cairo' along with the one or two "OH RAH!" One more *click* came from Jager's armor and Jane, now with some senses back knew what it must be planted a smile on her face.

On the bridge, yelling and cheers could be heard like thunder, but it did little to shake off the now gob smacked bridge crew as the new contact and its escorts moved on. Giant silver writing could be seen on its side. 'Sydney'.

The bridge of the Cairo was still silent even as the shouts echoed thought out the rest of the station. "That's a—" Hood started. "Yes, it's a very big ship." Brenton said, finishing Hood's statement. "Now let me see. Guys, if you please." He said and the others moved to a loose circle, they then held out their hands and next thing you know, what looked like a round console, roughly three-square meters wide, with a top that looked like it could produce a hologram appeared. Hood, still with his impassive face after seeing the 'Sydney' and a console appear from nothing, he felt like he needed a lie-down, but he knew he had to look professional. "What is that and how did it get here if I may?" asked Hood slightly surprised his voice remained normal.

"This," Brenton said as he gestured to the console. "This is just my Mobile Command Console. When I use this I can command my troops from anywhere. As for how it got here, our armor is equipped with, how to say this in a way you might understand. Small portal generators in case of threat to the wearer, the armor can activate this and will teleport the wearer to the safety of a URSC ship. It will leave the

armor behind. The armor will go into a, lets call it a rift in space and time. You might call it a stasis field but it is much more powerful. What we did then, was just use a smaller portal to move my console here." Brenton explained, clearly pleased with the technology. Hood's eyes were now wide with curiosity, barely grasping the URSC's technological superiority. Then the console clicked to life. "Got it Brenton." Deimos said. "Good work, Deimos." Brenton said as he moved to it.

He keyed one of the hundred or so buttons on it and spoke. "Sydney, break formation to six groups. One of the Dreadnaughts leading each battle group. I want Brisbane over new Mombasa, Alice Springs over Australia and the Pacific, Darwin over Asia, Warrior a Meni over New Zealand and Melbourne over Europe. Adelaide will watch over the US, and I want the Sydney on stand by in outer orbit. Jack, you have command of the other operations. I will be taking command of the Brisbane and taking care of Mombasa. "Yes sir" came Jack's response through the console.

Now the fleet moved and split ships moving off in different directions. The cheers had died down a bit now but there was still the odd 'Heck Yeah' going round, even the hard ass ODST's were there, cheering the fleet on. Someone even managed to wire a speaker and get music playing of all things! "So. HOW did they turn the entire left side of the station into a club again?" Jager began. "Why you asking me" Invalid said. Jane was feeling much better now and had gone off to find her squad, now the other two URSC squads who were deployed to clear out the station, were huddled together in the back of the hanger. Major's Marcus (A Jackal. No not the Kig-Yar, the Canine kind) and Reis (A wolf). "Got to admit," Marcus started "these guys now how to pull a party out of their- " "Marc!" Reis shouted, just loud enough for him to hear over the music. "Remind me why the Admiral asked if you wanted to join the URSC with me."

"Because you'd fall apart without me that's why."

"He's got you there Reis," Jager said. "You're not helping Jager" Reis grumbled. "Come on Reis, it's a party lighten up. I saw you the other night in the Sydney's club and don't act like you didn't enjoy your self!" Marcus said with probably the biggest grin. "Admirals give me strength," Reis said. At this they all laughed.

Back on the bridge, the spook was again in the shadows taking notes. "Sir," Jack suddenly appeared on the new console in the middle of the bridge. "The Covenant Carrier just exited slipspace over Mombasa. Brisbane and her escorts are requesting orders Sir." "Tell them to report to their battle stations. All squads to main hanger bay, enter pelicans and prowlers, and wait for my signal." Brenton said, in command mode now. "Yes Sir" Jack responded. "Fun times are over for now guys," he said to his friends beside him as he stared out to the planet below.

A.N/E.N

**Sup guys, thanks for all the views, we broke 100! Success! Cant wait to see how many more we get as we continue this story, don't forget to follow this story and tell your friends about it, any ideas/problems/reviews are welcome and wanted. **

**As you've probably figured from the ship names, Brenton (the

author) is an Aussie and he named most of them, (he's a proud aussie) but I managed to sneak one in, :P **_***(Warriors a Meni) **_

Don't forget to leave a review.

Characters Marcus and Reis belong to Artist "rukis".

5. Gryphon's Inbound

A.N: From 'The Author': Oh, Primordial. Do I have to say this again guys? Allow me to put it in simpler terms (if that is even possible). Now, the URSC are NOT, US Marines, the UNSC or Russian Paratroops. They are the URSC. So that means normal military rules don't apply! They have their own rules and Brenton is not your average human. I will say it again, he started the URSC, so don't you think he should lead it? Not some 68 year old numbskull who probably cannot remember the names of his junior officers? Tell me if you made close friends on an armada, would you hand them over to some stranger, just because you're 15? And I shall say this again as well so it might sink in. Brenton is a tactile genius. Now if you do not like it, you stop reading it. That simple guys. As for you who can see over that little detail or you agree with what I just said I thank you.

On a different note, FrostBite here, just wanted to apologize for that 'SOPA' chapter, I have removed it now, so no need to worry/report this story about it. To the community who added this to their story base, please remove this story from it as I'm pretty sure I fixed that problem and if not, pm me what I have failed to follow.

MORE CHARACTERS! CAN I GET A OOH RAH!

**Name: **Vertigo
>Rank: General
>Race: Gryphon
>Distinguishing features: Feathers are purple. The middle of his head has a crest of white feathers and wing feathers which are also white.
>Age: 36
>Height: 6.2
>Gender: Male
>Creator: Unknown

Name: Rex
>Rank: Wing Admiral
>Race: Feral Doberman (Canine)

>Distinguishing features: Scar on right eye. Classic Doberman with undocked tail
>Age: 5 (36 in canine years)
>Height: 2.3
>Gender: Male
>Creator: Author

Chapter five: Gryphon's Inbound.

We now cross to Sadie, just after the end of the first audio file (Sadie, you know, the girl from the ODST COM files. No? come on you have to have found at least one Vergil never stops telling to you

"please walk" towards them!) now lets see what the URSC will do when they get ground side.

"Vergil, go to Hell," she said. Then what sounded like nothing she had ever heard before as the covenant carrier exits slipspace.

>"Scratch that, Hell just came here" she murmured.
The words hung in the chaos ridden air, as people ran for cover.

>As the carrier moved over the city, there were shouts and screams<p>

"Vergil, can you hear me?" she says into her chatter as she moves.

>"No parking, violators will be ticketed and towed." Came the robotic reply.
"I know I can see it! A giant Covenant ship, just hanging above the city center" she says as a mental image of a few hundred tow trucks pulling the ship away flickered though her mind.

(We now jump to Audio log 14, circle 5, arc 2 mainly because it's nothing important just URSC troops getting ready ON WITH THE STORY.)

"You know, if the panicked mobs would just stay in nice, neat lines, we'd get across this bridge a lot faster!" Sadie said, exasperated.

"Do you hear that?" Mike said.

>"What, the water? Don't tell me your afraid of heights?" Sadie said hoping he wasn't.<p>

"Pelican drop ship. Hard to see through all the smoke. But it's heading our way." Mike said. "Vergil? Got eyes in the sky?" Vergil then does his little chime, followed by tapping and barking.

"Not good. Cane tapping. Seeing-eye dog. Means Vergil can't see it..." Sadie said, fearing the worst. "And who do we know who likes to travel off the grid?" Mike said annoyance evident in his voice.

>Someone in the crowed shouted 'That's a police drop-ship! We're saved!'
Some one else who was less optimistic then yelled out 'We can't all fit on that!'

The Pelican then lands on the bridge and opens its rear ramp to revealâ€|. "Kinsler" Sadie spat, "Aw, crap." Mike whispers.

"Hello Sadie, remember me?" Kinsler says. Some one in the crowd then yells "The Commissioner! We're saved! He has a drop-ship!"

>"Yeah, and a sub-machine gun!" Some one else yelled. "Why's he pointing it at that girl?"
"Not our problem Keep moving!"

"It's so good to see you again Sadie." he says as he loads a clip into his SMG "But please, no sudden movements. This Pelican isn't the stablest thing to stand on. I'd hate to shoot you accidentally."

Kinsley says smugly

>"Branley. Your service pistol. Remove it from your holster.

Slowly...
"Yeah, yeahâ€|" Mike says as he wonders who could draw quicker.

>"Now toss it off the bridge." He complies and throws it away.
"Good. I must say, Sadie. You play very hard to get." "Bet that makes you angry." Sadie said. "Oh quite the opposite." Kinsley replies dangerously "Vergil...a little help here!"

"Your chatter made you easy to track. But I think you and Vergil have talked quite enough. Take it off." Sadie, having no choice, complies. "Now smash it!" She does it, then hears a distant rumble like thunder "you hear that Mike?" she whispers, "yeahâ€|more of Kinsler's friends?"

>"I don't think so, too loud," she said.
"Do you know what I've learned in all my years of politics?" Kinsler said unaware of the approaching thunder. "

>"That you're an asshole? She said.
"The value of escalation. For example, last time we met, Branley hit me with his fist."

>"Keep talking. I might do it again" Branley said as the thundering got louder.
"I think not. This time, I have a sub-machine gun. You see? Escalationâ€| " "Goodbye, Branley."

>Just as he's about to pull the trigger, 3 fighter craft passed overhead with a whoosh and dropped their payload onto the pelicans cockpit. The resulting explosion sent Kinsler flying off the ramp and face first into the bridge. "That's not what I was expecting" Sadie said as she looked at the unknown fighter craft as they continued along the river.
(Moments Prior)

As soon as the light in his cockpit hit green, Rex pawed the thrusters on his black falcon fighter. Along with the two other members of Dober Wing, they thundered out of the Sydney's launch bay and headed off to join the 23 Gryphon class Drop Ships as they were on their way to Mombasa.

They soon caught up with the Drop Ships, the Gryphons Gryphon war paint **(A.N. the signature paint of the URSC's most experienced pilots. the 4 best of them are not in the group by the way)** flaming and took up position in front of them.

The ride through out the atmosphere was smoother than usual, mainly because there was no shooting at them.

>They soon passed through and were now dropping below the cloud line below when he saw the Carrier, and swarms upon swarms of Banshees.<p>

His wingman on the right, Dober Two, said "Wellâ€|I get the feeling we're going to be busy today huh?". "Got that right" Rex said back.

Just then, his HUD displayed a new mission objective. As he read, he could not help himself from smiling. "Heh, Dober Two, Dober Three," he said over the radio. "We got a new target. Kinsler needs a hand to get off his Pelican."

>"Solid copy" was the response. He looked over his shoulder to see Dober Two break off. Dober Three soon followed and soon after, so did he.<p>

As they were coming in, low over the water, he could see the bridge. He armed a single Concussive pulse from his cannons. Then as he passed overhead, he pawed the 'fire' button. As he was continuing down the river, he activated his rear view and got a nice view of Kinsler, face down and Sadie giving him a kick. He smiled and pulled a hard right over New Mombasa and went to work on the banshee problem.

(Back to Sadie)

Then, she heard more thunder and what looked like 23 Pelican appeared

on the horizon. They then split into 3 groups.

>The ones on the left, headed towards the inner city. The ones on the right turned and headed towards Old Mombasa.
The remaining 3 in the middle continued towards the bridge.

>"Wellâ€|it's about time" she said.
"I think this is where we keep heading for your father" Mike said. She started moving again, but not before giving Kinsler a kick in the groin.

The Gryphon Drop Ships that were headed towards the bridge, now hovered a mere 30 meters above the bridge.

>"Why are they not landing!?" yelled a random civilian. Just then, a loud voice came from them playing through external speakers.
"This is Lord Terrence Hood." That voice said.

>"I am the officer in charge of protecting Earth. I know I have not done a good job and for that, I am sorry, but we have a chance to save you now. The URSC has offered to get you to safety in exchange for a promise that their ships and technology will not be scanned, drawn or remembered in any way. We accepted this, to give you people on the ground some hope at living. So do what they say and you'll make it out of there alive. I promise."<p>

The speaker then shut off, and the Gryphon Drop Ships move to the end of the bridge that is connected to the old city. Once there, the crowd get a good look at them.

>They are not like normal Pelican's. These were bigger and had what most could guess were Gryphon paint jobs. They turned around so their back hatches were to the bridge. The doors opened and troops that were in them jumped out. They were only 15 or so meters above the ground.
The first one down was a Gryphon by the name of Vertigo, followed by two Sergal's.

He flaps his wings to slow him down, his purple feathers on his head ruffling as he lands gracefully on the ground. The two Sergal's just hit the ground, full force and send up a cloud of dust. Vertigo then proceeds to walk towards the crowd. "Hello!" he shouts, his voice played though the Gryphon Drop Ships.

>"My name is Vertigo. I am going to see all of you make it out of here."<p>

6. Meet the HAS

Chapter six: Meet The H.A.S

As Vertigo looked around, he was not sure what he saw on their faces, amazement, hope, fear? He took a step closer and some of the crowd jumped back. Fear he thought.

"I know you don't have the best history with meeting new races." He said to the crowd, "but believe me when I say this. I want to and will, get you out of here. So trust me, okay? Now who's coming?"

>The crowd looked at each other for a few minutes, wanting to get out, but not sure whether to trust these guys who seemed to have fur and feathers. There was a lot of shuffling coming from the back and out came a little girl, no older than eight. She cautiously walked up to the Gryphon.
"Can you take me from the bad-aliens?" she asked softly.

Vertigo could see she had been crying and he could only guess why,

but didn't say anything, instead, just offered her his hand. Which she slowly took. He then proceeded to turn around to the now empty Gryphon's.

>"Clear out" he said into his mic. There was no response, only the sound of about three dozen soldiers jumping out of the Gryphon's<p>

"w-w-what are they doing?" stammered a civilian.

>"Clearing out, so the Prowlers can land" one of the soldiers replied, "and so the Prowlers can hold more of you"<p>

There then was a rumbling as three Prowlers descended and landed on the bridge. The little girl held up her hand to shield her eyes from the dust, while others just took a step back. They soon settled and ramps dropped. A soldier from each then stepped out.

>Vertigo then escorted the little girl to the Prowler in the middle and as she climbed up the ramp, she looked back and with a faint smile on her face, said "thank you Mr Birdie".
Vertigo couldn't help but smile.

>"You are most welcome" he said as he did a polite bow. She giggled and skipped the rest of the way up.<p>

"Take good care of that one" he said to the soldier stationed to the Prowler.

>"Yes Sir."
"So," he said as he turned back to the crowd, "is any one here brave as that little girl?" Then they slowly start moving and boarding the prowlers.

As Hood stared at the command console, he saw as Vertigo helped that little girl onto the Prowler.

>"Their quite big softies aren't they?" he said to Nathan.
"Yes Sir" Nathan deadpanned.

>Hood shot him a glance, but Nathan didn't notice. Hood sighed.
"Hood," Brenton started as he looked across the console, "do you have a spot for me to put them?" Hood thought about this.

>Mars is gone, Callisto is still under heavy siege, IO Ganymede and Pluto are out of it as well Hood thought. Seeing that Hood was having trouble to think of a location, he surprised Hood when he said "I could take them."<p>

"P-pardon?" Hood stammered, caught off guard.

>"I can take them, give them somewhere to live either indefinitely, or until this war is over." Brenton said sternly.<p>

Hood thought about this, it would be better than having them on a ship that could be destroyed. "And you will look after them?" he questioned, already sure of the answer.

>"Do you think I wouldn't" Brenton answered.
"Very well then, you can have them indefinitely, continue as you were" Hood finished.

"Wait, What?!" Brenton said surprised by Hoods response.

"They have seen far too much bloodshed here, and I get the feeling you have a way with keeping peace wherever you are" he said as he glanced at Bero.

Brenton following his glance says "Bero is from this galaxy. He was going up against the Flood. Lets just say I'mâ€|" he paused as he

thought of an answer, "aquatinted with a Flood leader and I had him handed back. If you will, he has not been the same, but he is getting there. However, you are right. I do have a way with letting others see the truth. So you want me to take them away to a better place? Oh my that sounded a littleâ€¢!"

"Yeah, a little" Hood said, "but yes you can take them."

"Very well."

Brenton then pressed a button and said "Virgil, you copy me?"

>There was a whistle and a squeaking sound. "Good, I need locations of police lines that are about to collapse, okay?"
There was a whistle suddenly, four blips appeared on the console.

>"Thanks Vir" and he switched it off.<p>

"Virgil?" Hood asked. "The AI Superintendent of Mombasa, a sub-routine, Covie Huragok got in there. Don't worry about."

>"Oh" Hood simply said, if he's not worried about it it'll be fine I guess he thought.

>Brenton zoomed into the closest spot to reveal one officer with wounded all around him. "Hmmm what you think, Alex, H.A.S?"
The Sergal's face was expressionless, then a wide grin appeared. Brenton laughed as he sent word.

Jeffries, Polaski, Delgado and Rawley were all a bit annoyed at the fact they were told to stay behind when the rest of Gryphon wing was heading down to drop troops in Mombasa. What did they get instead? They got to sit in the hanger of "Sydney" on standby, with 4 of the 10 teams of Heavy Assault Squads, or H.A.S as they liked to be called.

>Jeffries and Scott had gotten bored of cards, and were now having a little nap when they suddenly got the green to launch.
Jeffries fell of his seat but quickly recovered, going at a frantic speed to launch.

>Scott opened one eye, seeing Jeffries hitting buttons and flipping switches left, right and centre. It made him glad he was just the Co-pilot, Gunner and Crew Chief. He lazily sat up in his seat behind Jeffries, scratched an itch, flipped the switch to arm his station, donned his helmet, flipped the visor down, looked left, right, up and down to make sure it was linked to the guns on the Gryphon, flipped it back up and checked on the others they were all ready to lift off.
They were just waiting on the H.A.S squad to get attached. A minuet later, they were lifting off. Reager, the leader of the H.A.S squads and the one attached to Jeffries's Gryphon told Jeffries no stunts on the way out of the hanger this time, else he was off duty.

>"Ahhh, your no fun Reager" he complained as he left the hanger the other three Gryphon's behind them. As soon as he left the hanger, he plunged his gryphon into a full dive.
"I said no stunts Jeff!" Reager radioed in, barely holding his breakfast in.

>"Yeah! No stunts on the way out of the hanger, you never said anything about the way down!" he shouted, excited to be doing something as he put his ship into a spin.<p>

Scott looked back into the empty troop bay to check that every thing was fastened down. He thought about what it would look like with three Heavy Assault Soldiers bouncing around in it, he then chose to give thanks to the Admiral for making them too big to fit inside.

>As flames appeared on the cockpit window, Jeffries stopped the spinning motion, cautious of marking his Gryphon. Soon they were coming in low, over Mombasa in rough formation with Delgado leading, Polaski to his left and Rawley to his right, Jeffries behind Delgado.<p>

They soon passed over the outer city and just reached the inner city when two dozen Banshee swooped in to attack.

"You're up Scott" Jeffries said.

>"Bout damn time" Scott said as he dropped his visor with a grin. He gripped the two joysticks in front of him as his visor built a third person perspective first the radar contacts then it added shapes then it textured it, just like a game. One he was extremely good at.<p>

"You guys break off and get your men to the LZ's," Jeffries said, "we'll take care of these idiots" he said. "Give em hell Scott" Polaski said.

>"You know I will, see you back on the Sydney."<p>

They then broke off. The Banshee group did not go after them. They were far more interested in the one Gryphon that was still coming at them.

>The distance closed and Scott gripped his controls tighter. The Banshee fired their secondary cannons. The area in front of them was lit green from the green balls, and then a flash of white as they hit. The Gryphon's shielding flared, and then the 20mm chain guns mounted under the wings next to the rocket pods opened up.<p>

The first four Banshee were hit and fell. The remainder, now knowing this was no ordinary drop ship, broke up and went wild.

>two to his left and two to the right while the rest went up and down. Scott nailed all those trying to go over them and then he turned his head to the left and got one of the two Banshee that got behind them, causing Jeffries to pull a hard right going vertical.<p>

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! WERE STILL BACK HERE GUYS!" Reager radioed from were the vehicle clamp was on the out side. The Banshee were still on their six.

>Scott switched to the chain guns of the two rear thrusters and filled them full of holes.
He counted his kills and found a few missing, then he saw them they had got friends, a lot of friends.

>His visor showed at least seven dozen. And they were right on top of them.<p>

He shot down all that he could, but there were so many that they were in more danger of running out of ammo than getting shot down, but there were just so many then, out of no where, three fighter jets appeared. With their Doberman war paint clear.

"Dober Wing" Jeffries said. "Heard you guys had a slight Banshee problem" Rex radioed in. "Yeah, kind of" Jeffries said

>"Don't worry about it, we'll take care of it. You get to your LZ, that officer needs some hope and I hear your delivering it."
"Give em hell Rex" Jeffries said as he pulled a hard right and went into a dive. He came in low twisting and turning around skyscrapers.

>"We're 45 seconds out Reager" Scott reported.
>Nice one back there Scott" Jeffries said glancing back at his kangaroo Co-pilot,

"Remind me to add some more ammo when we get back we have a lot of ammo, but just in case. He replied.

"Great, more work for me." Jeffries said with a smug smile.

Constable Nicholas McKenzie knew he should not have got out of bed today. He knew it was going to be one of those days as he made his way across the bridge to work, he saw light's in the sky and thought it must be some ships arriving.

>But how could he have guessed that it would turn out like this, hiding behind a car, down to his last clip of MA5C ammo. His squad mates spread out across the road, most likely dead.
>He poked his head up for a look but quickly pulled it back as a spike hit the car. From what he saw, it was not good. A lot of Brutes, a few of those Jackal things, and what looked like a pair of tanks on legs. In addition, there looked to be a sea of Grunts.

>He knew he was going to die, but if he could hold them off for a little longer, maybe those people would get far enough away.
<p>

He swallowed hard, jumped up and fired full auto yelling, and then a spike hit him in the shoulder. He dropped down behind the car, fired one last time and lent up against the car and waited.

>Over the barking of what he guessed were orders, he could hear thunder. don't look like rain he thought, one of the buildings must be falling down.

>But then, at the end of the street, what he thought to be some new kind of Pelican rounded the buildings coming in about half way up the buildings. His heart skipped a beat as it kept coming but it was not getting lower and he felt his heart sink.
<p>

"Over the target in 5 Reager" Scott said.

>"On my signal!" Reager said.
<p>

"3"

"2"

"1".

"Look out below!"

Then, what looked like three solid blocks of steel dropped, then started to move.

>Through the dust, Nicholas could see an orange visor, green paint and a black cape around it's lower waist.
>"A Spartan" he whispered the hope and awe, evident in his voice, but then something flicked out from behind it.

>A tail? He thought, puzzled.

The behemoth stood up straight, brought its two arms behind its back and grabbed two handles, which soon turned into massive, twin mounted mini gun.

>The other two were now standing beside it. The one on the right was white with a blue visor and a missile launcher on its shoulder,

wielding a demonic looking flamethrower. It looked like the sort of flamethrowers that the UNSC used, aside from the fact that it was about as big as a Hunter's cannon and was painted a deep, blood red, with pitch black 'eyes' on the sides of the barrels.
The one on the left was a completely black. It hefted a weapon which he couldn't identify, until he saw the scope. And guessed it was a sniper rifle the size of a rocket launcher. Its visor was see-through and he saw fur and a muzzle.

>A dog? he thought. The one in the middle, the green one he noted, suddenly started sprinting towards him. He ducked as it leaped over his head and landed on the other side of the car. The white one stood on top of the car next to it.

>The green one raised it's arms, mini gun in hand, and fired.</p>

As Reager pulled the trigger, a hail of spent ammo casing dropped out, he walked forward, firing, as he went, plasma fire and spikes hit his armor. All he did was laugh as he turned up the music in his helmet, 'Blow Me Away' to full volume and hummed along with it.

>Ricketier shouldered his beast of a sniper rifle and fired a single shot at a line of Brute's, the round tearing thought them all. Sally raised her left arm across her chest and the missile pod on her shoulder fired, taking out a pair of Hunter's.</p>

Nic looked on in awe as these new beings were just mowing down Covenant. The one in the back, the one with the sniper jogged over to him placed his gun on the hood of the car, fired and then set it down beside him as he pulled a med kit from his pack.

>"Wh-what are you? He stammered, staring through its visor.
"I'm a wolf," it started, "my name is Ricketier, but most just call me Rick" he said as he grabbed the spike in the officers shoulder. "This might hurt a bit" he cautioned as he yanked the spike out and set it down. Nic just gritted his teeth.

>"Heh, should put that on a necklace" he said as he put some foam into the wound.</p>

Reager glanced at his radar and saw four blips coming in fast.

"Sally!" he yelled, "we got Covie air coming in hot."

>"I'll give em a warm welcome" she said, putting emphasis on 'warm' as her missile pod reloaded.
"Get on top of that building," he ordered as he pointed his mini gun to one of the shorter buildings. She nodded as she braced herself for the built in thruster pack to send her flying upwards. She then was sent flying she landed on top of the building.

>When she looked up, she saw three Banshees, escorting a Phantom. She grinned and braced for the missile fire. Soon three trails of exhaust were closing on their targets, the Banshee tried to dive, but were far too slow. The missiles hit dead centre.
The phantom dove down into the streets to get away and it did. It was still coming.

>"Rick," she said, "feel like shooting down a Phantom?" already knowing his answer.
"Why the hell not" he replied. She smiled and jumped down.

As Rick set up his rifle and loaded in a rather large bullet, he had to ask. "What's that for?" Nick asked.

>"This." He said, indicating the bullet, "is a present for the Phantoms pilot," he said as he lined up with the high rises. Nick then heard the hum of what he guessed was the Phantom. He struggled for a look and got to the edge of the car just in time to see the

Phantom round the corner. He heard Rick whisper 'Get some' and the single loudest noise he had EVER heard in his whole career went off. He then saw the Phantom spinning and crashing into the ground. There was a shimmer from the crash.
"Brute Stalkers!" Reager shouted.

"Get back," he looked around and an idea popped into his head. "Get down!" He shouted as he braced for firing. four rounds in rapid succession from his shoulder cannon, but not at the Stalker's, at a building. It fell crushing the Brute's, indicated by the strangled shouts.

"Phew" he said as he clipped his mini gun onto his back, making sure the two barrels were on either side of his tail, then disarmed his cannon. "That was, I would like to say fun, but ahhh screw it. That was fun!" he said as he hit a button on his wrist to fold his helmet back. Large ears and blood red hair then appeared and Nick had no clue what this one was and wondered how on earth he got his ears to fit the one that was white then did the same and looked like a mountain lion.

"Nice shot Rick" she said as she hefted her flamethrower onto her back.

"Thanks" Rick simply said back as he did the same with his rifle.

"Hold on" Reager said as he listened to his ear piece were to fall back to the bridge he said as he slid his helmet back on tucking his ears in and then were going to cover the last of the civvies as they get out. He then proceeded to pick up the wounded with the rest of H.A.S one hefted them over his shoulders then he, Rick, Sally and Nick made their way back to the bridge.

7. What Exactly Are They?

Disclaimer: Neither Brenton, nor I own the Halo franchise

E.N: Hey guys, Frosty here, phew! Nearly didn't get this one out as my laptop got a virus, so I've had to use my school computer and an internet cafÃ© which is FAR to overpriced for my likings. In light of the virus, I MAY not be able to post the chapters on time, but they WILL be posted so don't you worry bout that.

Don't forget to review as it helps me and Brenton out.

Enjoy!

**Chapter seven: **What exactly are they?

Hood looked over the console as the three soldiers picked up the wounded officers, moving them onto the bridge. He opened his mouth to speak as he noticed something strange, but Brenton cut him off.

"Ah, yes. The H.A.A wearing H.A.S" he said as he looked up, wearing a grin, "no I'm not mad. See, the H.A.A stands for Heavy Assault Armor, and the H.A.S stands for Heavy Assault Squadron"

The armor has a built in reactor that is powered by a Bio metal and Tiberium Fusion Reactor. Safest thing this side of something very big" Brenton continues, grin still present.

"Now, given the amount of power these things can make." He said as he waves away the map of Mombasa, replacing it with an H.A.A suit, "They have the shield strength of at least three M850's. So using standard personnel weapons is about effective as throwing rocks at one of you're Elephant APC's." Brenton starts to walk around the Bridge

"As you can see, this suit has a double barrel shoulder mounted cannon, or as my men like to call it, 'The Mini, Mini MAC, or MMM for short.'" Brenton pauses, his mouth turning once more, into a grin. "While this is indeed a powerful weapon, there are other weapons available. Such as a mounted mini gun, double barrel of course. If you look closely, you'll notice there are four laser sights, two for the MMM while the other two are more like target designators for orbit fire. They designate targets for chain guns that fire standard 10mm URSC rounds."

The rounds consist of a Bio metal casing, and if that isn't enough, they also have plasma coating when fired, allowing it to tear through most shielding. Now the Bio metal has a soul of a sort, a trigger if you will which causes it to splinter when it has impacted into something." Brenton stops suddenly and looks a little smug. " now what if someone takes this tech and uses it against us, right? Well is couldn't be used against us, see, my good friends, the Chthonians, made sure that it wouldn't happen. Each and every person of the URSC has had their DNA imprinted in one of our computer systems, which means that if the rounds sense that their headed in the direct line of fire of our soldiers, ,it will recognize the DNA imprint and disintegrate well before being a danger."

"Of course it also helps that we haven't had a reason to shoot anyone friendly. Well, except for." He falters, a grim look engraved on his face. He takes a moment to look ate Alex, who looks back and offers him a reassuring smile. "That isn't important" he says as he shakes it off.

"The armor itself is made of...funnily enough, Bio metal with a bit of Tiberium mixed in there. The Bio metal allows us to fold it into the many shapes and forms we need, plus there's the fact that it's far stronger than anything the UNSC or Covenant could create. The Tiberium will automatically seal the armor if it is ever rupture which has yet to happen."

"That is amazing," Hood says as he examines the hologram and data. "Don't suppose you'll give me a rundown of the armor you use, would you?" He asks, genuinely curious.

"Sure, why not? There isn't really any harm in telling you seeing as you, nor none of the UNSC has the foggiest clue as to what Tiberium armor or Bio metal is." Brenton replies with a smile.

He waves away the H.A.A and brings up a Sergal in a suit of Titan armor.

"Titan armor has many features built into the suit. The most noticeable is probably the jet pack, we have been able to get our

jump packs be able to last for about three days of continuous use."

"Like the H.A.A, it contains a smaller Bio metal, Tiberium reactor for the exact same purpose as the previous armor. Both of the gauntlets have built in Hard Light Shields, HLS if you prefer, and blades. When a squad is under heavy fire, they can use the HLS in a phalanx formation, going 5x5. The men in the middle of the formation, have their shields facing upwards to prevent any grenades or drop shots from getting them, but they do have to drop them in order to throw grenades, this is effectively a walking fortress."

"Now, the helmets" he says with a bit of excitement. "As you may have guessed, the ears were kind of hard to deal with, so the helmet is designed so that it can split into five pieces to show the faces or for comfort. There are four mods for a helmet when it is sealed. A part is open were the visor is up and the front is open like one of you're marine helmets. A frill neck were the helmet splits into five pieces."

"Lets start with the frill or collar if you prefer," he says, gesturing to Alex who's helmet was in it's split form, it had two pieces coming out from his lower neck, ,coming straight out, another two above that were at a forty five degree angle and the final piece was in the centre of his head, going straight up. "It can then, reform into a full helmet." Once again gesturing to Alex. The pieces began to move and he noticed that they had been hovering, attached to nothing. His helmet moved to cover his face and when the pieces met, the lines glowed blue for a brief second, then gone, like it had never happened.

Alex's helmet was interesting, it sort of resembled a Spartan's Scout helmet, the differences being that his had a longer head piece and was much more flat, with a red visor that matched his steel and red colored armor, same as Brenton's.

"When they reseal, they have the same strength as it would before splitting. It has an infinite air supply due to the filters built into the armor which filter the air inside the suit and cleaning it, so it is safe. The part open mode is were the visor is raised into the helmet and the front is folded back into the compartment in the shoulders. The helmet is covering the rear and top of the head but the front is exposed, much like one of the UNSC's marine helmets." Alex's face was indeed showing, but his ears and head were still covered.

"If the wearer wants to completely remove the helmet, he must be dead" Brenton says

"Wait, what?" Hood asks, not believing what he had heard. Needless to say he was a bit confused when Brenton and Alex started laughing when it suddenly dawned on him. "You were joking, weren't you?" he asks dryly.

"Of course I was, else I wouldn't have many men now would I?" Brenton says when he has stopped his laughter.

"If the wearer wants to completely remove the helmet, it can be stored inside the armor. Alex." As they turn to Alex, they see him hit a series of buttons on his wrist and watch as the helmet breaks

up and folds into a shoulder compartment.

"Now, we have many different attachments for the helmets, but the two most popular are the Scout, which Alex uses and the EVA. They look similar to their namesakes from your armory, but there are slight differences with the Scout being designed for combat, and the EVA being used by Sangheili fleet due to their head shape." Now it is Bero who steps forward, showing his EVA helmet.

The armor itself is made from the same metal as the H.A.A is. The outer layer is Bio metal, then there is the middle layer of Tiberium, which provides a soft layer, if it ever punctured, which, like I said, has yet to happen, the Tiberium will then seal it until repairs can be made."

"Now the metal is light, so we don't need it to be power assisted. As for the inner layer, it is whatever they want to wear underneath. Now like I just said, the armor is not power armor, so my men can only run to the best of their natural ability. That being said, Deimos is the fastest, simply because Furred Drakes are the fastest things on two legs, being able to run at least 40km/h."

Now, because the URSC does not like to make their soldiers into things they aren't, they need to be able to lift and run as they can in armor, without it on. That being said, the armor is literally only used to stop plasma fire and sometimes bullets. Nothing more than protection."

"As for their tails, they are not covered by armor due to it being excessively uncomfortable and looking awkward. Though it is the second most highly shield part of the armor next from their cute heads of course."

"Very few of my soldiers request ammo pouches for their tails and in my opinion, it makes them look awkward, but who am I to deny them what they want."

Brenton is about to say something when "Sir!" they all turn to see Jack appearing on one of Cairo's holo tanks.

"Go ahead Jack" Brenton confirms

"Sir, the UNSC and Sangheili fleets are taking on heavy casualties, requesting permission to intervene Sir."

"Since when have you ever needed my permission?" Brenton asks puzzled.

"Since Cortana said that she'd play jazz through her system if I didn't ask"

"JAZZ!? Ok, permission granted, but I have an idea. Take control of their ships and broadcast the Truth."

"Yes Sir," Jack responded "Accessing systems now."

8. AU Notice of Great Importance

Hey guys, Frost here.

Just wanted to let you guys know that this story is going to be re-written.

What does that mean you may ask. It just means that Brenton and I have decided to do a reboot of this story, so don't you worry for you guys who like this story, it will continue, just better and greater then before.

I'll update this note when the first chapter for the reboot has been posted so you don't have to scour across the site, looking for it.

Anyways, I'm gonna be pretty busy these next few weeks with exams and in/externals so I wont be able to edit the story as frequently as I would like, so don't expect anything for the rest of the month.

Always a pleasure,

Frost

End
file.